Opportunity:

"Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say 'I can!'
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

"Dost thou behold thy lost youth all apart?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

"Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven."